A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Thurſday, November 30. 1710.

IN Some late *Reviews*, in which I laid down my Notions of the Parliament Men, Miniſtry, *&c.* and their turning all Whigs, I drew this Concluſion, *and indeed it was for this Reaſon I enter'd upon that Subject*, That High Flyers and High Flying, was juſt in the ſame Condition it was ever in, *viz.* The Averſion of all Good Men, and that expoſing it in its due Shape, could give Offence to none.

In purſuance of this Notion, I gave you in my laſt, ſome part of the Wretched Character of thoſe People I call High Flyers; I mean thoſe who Swear to her Majeſty, Abjure the Pretender, take all the Oaths you can tender them, and yet purſue the Intereſt of the Pretender; for theſe are the true High Flyers: I confeſs, I ſee no Man of Honeſty on either Side, but who abhors theſe kind of People, and they deſerve to be abhorr'd of all Honeſt Men; I cannot but hope that no Man will be offended at me, that I expoſe this abominable wretched Crew upon all Occaſions —— My true Deſign is, to brand the Wicked Practice with the Odium it deſerves—— I am well aſſur'd, I cannot be thought to point at any in great Places; whatever any have been, or may be, before they come into Place, I have declar'd it as my Opinion, they cannot come under this Character when they are in, they muſt Act upon another

nother Foot ——— As to the Parliament, God forbid any one of this Abominable Generation ſhould come within thoſe Walls ——— But in our Converſation, in our Pulpits, in our Coffee-Houſes, in our &c.....s there we have them daily, there all Honeſt Men are Affronted at them, there they are daily Poiſoning the poor Innocent People, deluding the Mob, and puſhing on their vile Deſign, of Debauching the Principles of the Weak, Honeſt, but abuſed Commons of this Iſland.

Well, well, ſays a by-ſtanding Obſerver to me, *be not uneaſie,* FEAR NOTHING, Care will be taken to keep down theſe People; they will be either wholly out of the Government, or ſo hemm'd in with Men of other Principles, that they will be prevented doing any Miſchief; *fear nothing,* all will be well, *for all this* ——— I, indeed, am not apt to be Fearful and Phlegmatick; I cannot but wiſh, and indeed hope, this ſort of Men are ſo contemptible, that no Side that are, or can be brought into Management, can approve them, or think them ſafe Men; and I have ſaid ſo much on this Subject, that ſome People think I have ſaid too much; but I muſt ſay, as they are dangerous when in a Majority, ſo they are unſafe, even tho' they are overpower'd——— They are of an Inſinuating, Encroaching, Growing Nature, and as the Poiſon of Nations is under their Tongues, it is not ſafe to have any thing to do with them ——— And ſhall we let them in, with a Suppoſition of keeping them under? May it not be like ſetting a Houſe on Fire, on purpoſe to quench it? ———And to ſay, *fear not* ——— When ſuch Devils ſurround us——— Is a piece of Council that tends to immediate Deſtruction.

I'll tell you a Story.

There was in *Scotland,* a certain uſeful Officer of Juſtice, by Name *JOHN WHITE*; his Place, *which he Officiated with a General Approbation for many Years,* was to be HANG-MAN of the City of *Edinburgh*——— This Man happned to be in this Employ, during the Time of the late Cruelties in that Kingdom, when Executions were frequent——— And ſo frequent, *Thanks to the High-Party* we now ſpeak of, that the Honeſt Hang-Man got a good Eſtate by his Trade; *but that by* ——— This Man, when any came into his Hands, and he began his Operation upon them, always gave them might good Words, would cry to them, *fear nothing, fear nothing*; do not fear, truſt in God, *and the like:* When he brought them to the Foot of the Ladder ——— *Come, come,* ſays *John White,* do not fear, *ſtep up one ſtep,* fear nothing ——— By and by, *when, it may be, he found them ſomething long,* come *ſays he,* again, fear nothing, *ſtep one ſtep more,* truſt in God, and all this while he was fitting the Halter about their Necks, or placing the Nooſe, or tying it up to the Gibbet, *or the like,* but ſtill bid them fear nothing, and truſt in God, and ſo at laſt turn'd over the Ladder at once, and caſt them off ——— But all this while they were to fear nothing.

Let all the Gentlemen, that think we ſhould not be afraid of theſe Swearing, Abjuring *Jacobites,* and of their coming in with Men of better Principles, *remember this Story*; and look they do not ſerve the People of *Britain,* as *John White* the Hangman ſerv'd his Patients; I am not to Cenſure the Deſign of thoſe, who being right in Principle themſelves, are yet unconcern'd when theſe Hypocrites thruſt themſelves into Publick Affairs; but Heaven grant they do no not open the Sluice, at which Jacobitiſm may flow in ſo fiercely, that it may not be in their Power that lifted it up, to ſhut it down again; and that is my only Fear.

The juſt Contempt and Abhorrence which I have Reaſon to treat theſe People with, leads me almoſt to make this Paper a Panegyrick upon the *Jacobites* ——— *Their Principle* may conſiſt with Honeſty——However Men

Men may be Impos'd upon, be Ignorant, Opinion-wise, or to say it together, be mistaken; yet many of these believe themselves in the right; and I have not Charity only, but Friendship for many profess'd open *Jacobites*, who I have found Men of great Honour and Fidelity —— These People Act upon Points of Justice, at least such as they think so —— Nay some of them really, on Points of Conscience, and no Man can Load them with any Thing on that Account —— But to have Men swear to the Establish'd Government, give up their Names to God and the Queen, and for these Men to turn Jacobites, one would think nothing so horrid could enter into the Nature of ony Creature that calls itself a Gentleman, or a Christian.

Now of such I would warn our People, however you may be Deluded by the pretence guard against their Designs, however they may be Cloath'd, they are inwardly Ravenous Wolves, whose endeavour it is to prey upon the Constitution, devour your Priviledges, depose your Protestant Queen, and bring in the Pretender.

Against these sorts of People nothing is so effectual, nothing can be so proper a Fence, and nothing is to them so fatal, as the Vertue of Moderation; this they oppose with all their Might, and expose with all their Art; they know that to be Moderate, is to destroy the very Being and Nature of High Flying; they hate *Moderation*, as Thieves do day-light, because it detects their Wickedness, and exposes them to Justice; they shun Moderation, as Men shun an Infection, and it is the utmost of their Labour, to Represent Moderation and Moderate Men, as People do the Devil, in the blackest Colours, and vilest Shapes they can.

These are now the People that are Acting without Doors —— What their Fury is there, we see daily Experience of, in the Mobbs and Tumults they have carryed on through the whole Nation —— Their Front must be hardned to a great Degree, that can lead the Poor abused People into such Follies, as we see Acted every Day; but to what a Degree of Blindness must they come, that expect and Promise us or themselves, that such Madness shall extend itself to the inside of our Doors, that Parliaments, Ministers of State, and Managers of the Nation's Government, can fall into the Excesses and Extremes that these Men propose.

Tho' Mobbs may be Mad, and some Clergymen Rave, do they think Parliaments will be distracted too? And Ministers of State turn Delirious? This cannot be; for my part, I speak my real Sentiments, I do not see Room to apprehend it, let it be never so much in the Design of the Party; but I must own an Astonishment at them, that they should so far lose their Senses to expect it.

Again, were it possible that Men in Office, and Men in Trust, could be so Lunatick —— What would it end in, but the Confusion and Overthrow of the Party? Did they ever Act in any Capacity, but they over-acted? High Flyers always run the Ship aground, and stranded their Cause, or split against the Rocks: How did they run upon the *Scylla* of the Occasional Bill? And upon the *Charybdis* of the TACK? Did they ever Act according to their own Genius, but they Ruin'd themselves? —— There are some Cases in which it may be said, *the worse the better* —— If we were to wish heartily for the Ruin of the Jacobite High Flying People of this Day, it should be to wish them to have Power added to their want of Temper, that they might *go on* their own Way, and be undone —— This would be the Way to Ruin all their Schemes, this was the Way they Ruin'd their Cause before! Had they not Precipitated King *James*, he had Ruin'd us all; we owe the Revolution to *High Flying* Madness, and the Warmth and want of Temper of the Party: Could they have contain'd, and waited with Prudence and cool Policy, they might have Ruin'd the whole Nation —— But *High Flying* would be no more *High Flying*, if it could bear the Restraint of Wisdom and Calmness; and if I could wish them to be soon and effectually

ally Ruin'd and Overthrown, it ſhould be to wiſh them to *go on*; but the Experiment would coſt too much, the Way is to keep them out while they are out, and run no more National Hazards; leſt like *John White the Hangman*, we cry out *do not fear*, till we are effectually turn'd off and deſtroy'd.

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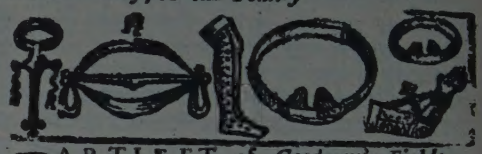

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